not in Wing L.23.c.1.(86)

NEWS FROM THE STRAND: OR, THE Duke of Grafton Happily Preserv'd.

THE late Disarming of some of our Adversaries has not brought them to Obedience, but rather Exasperated their Malice; who, like the Viper, when the Sting is gone, swells with Venome, and spits its Poyson with greater Inveteracy.

This is manifest in the Attempt Yesterday, against His Grace the Duke of *Grafton*, Riding at the Head of His Regiment in the *Strand*, on his March to *Tilbury*; which happen'd as follows:

His Grace having drawn them up in the Park, in a short Speech, signified the Princes pleasure, that they should that day March to the aforesaid Place, to the Assistance of some other Regiments, for the Reducing of that strong Garrison, now in Possession of the *Irish*, they being at this time 700. Resolv'd to Defend it against all Assaults, having already Murdered the Deputy Governor, and Surpris'd the Governor, Collonel *Tuston*, who had laid down his Commission upon their Entry into the Town; who is now their Prisoner.

The distributing of some Money to the Soldiers, to supply them with Necessaries; in this Expedition, delayed their March till Three a Clock: When His Grace Mounted before the Regiment, Led them through the *Strand*. And, now behold the most Audacious, the Boldest, and most Desperate piece of Extravagance that ever was Attempted, by a *Ravileac* or *Massianello*.

Being on their March, they had hardly Arrived to *Exeter-Change*, when a Desperado, Mounted on a *Black-Horse*, (like his Design) came against them, breaking through the Crowds of People, till coming up to the Duke, he drew out his Pistol, aiming to Kill Him, which only Firing in the Pan, preserv'd His Grace, and prevented the Hellish Design. But see the Justice of Treason and Villany: An Officer who Rid on the *Dukes* Right-Hand, being as Active as the other was Desperate, Shot him with a Brace of Bullets, thro' the Head, on which he immediately fell, and lay an unpitty'd Spectacle to the Gazing Multitude.

Some Report, he was an Officer come from *Tilbury*, (an *Irish*-Man) who being inform'd of the *Dukes* March, came with this desperate Resolution; Others, a Granadeer of the Lord *Salisbury*'s Troop, lately Disbanded. Whatever the Person be, he had his Reward; and the *Duke*, without Concern of what happen'd, made his Gradual March through the City.

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